Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 27.

The Moomfield Record

Local Newspaper.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. &. E. DEPOT.

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LOCAL AFFAIRS.

GENERAL NEWS.

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AC. AC. AC. . Patronize the Home Office.

NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY. Fall & Winter Arrangement, Taking Liffeet Sep. 17, 1873.

MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

Leave Poinpton 641 A. M. Montelair 734; Bloom field 7 to : Newark 7 17: Acrete New York 8 25 Leave Pour troi 7.57 A. M., on arrival of train from Rough of Watters & W. Mitter 8 M. Boson-Leave Montage 7.4. A. M.; Bloomfield 740; New-Leave Pempt on Jun. 150 P.M. : Mountain View 211 Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch. Leave Moutain 4 50 P. M.; arrive Bloomfield 4 56

Newars 5 04 : New York 5 50 Leave New York 7 50 A. M. Parrive at Arlington 8 28 : Newark 8:35; Bloomfield 8:46; Montclair 8:55 and Lefve New York at 12 M; Newark 12 43; Bloomfield 12 50 ; Monte air 12 57 t Arr. Pompton 1 50 County Express for Newtonn hand, Middletown, and intermediate stations arriving at Franklin 6 23; Deckerrown das ; Unioaville 6.58; Maldletown 7.28; Ellen-

Late New York 4 40 PaM.; Jersey City 4 50; Arling-of 5 15; Newark 5 22 Bloomfield 5 30; Montclair 5 36; attle Fale 6 00 : Pompton Plains 6 22 ; Pompton 6 29 ; Leave New York 5 40 P. M.; Arlington 6 19; Newark 6 25: Recomfield 6 32; Moutclair 6 30; Watchung 6 42; Leave New York 6 30 P. M.; Newark 7 17; Bloomfield 7 24; Montelair 7 31; Watching 7 32.
A 11 ti and trains leave Montain View for Pompton Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Genan i Ringwood at 815 A. M. an 1 325 P. M., arriving at eral TRUCKING and, other TEAM WORK. Ringwood at 950 A. M. and 456 P. M., and Monks at Passunger Depots in New York foot of Cortiandt and

General Freight, Ticket, and Commutation Offices 111 Freight receive I at Pier 23, N. R., and 16 Exchange C. W. DOUGLASS. WM. H. WEED, Gen'l Supt., N. York. General Ticket Agent. 111 Liberty St. New York.

Desbross's Streets and Jersey City.

Newark & Bloomfield Branch.

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A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
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	N.B.	& M. H	I. U. R.	K	

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873. LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, Belleville Avenue, every half

hour from 6 30 A. M. to 9 P. M., and at 10 and 11 P. M. He Ine last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to Newark leaves at 10 30 P. M. LEAVE NEWARK. BROAD AND MARKET STS. every half hourr from 7 54 A. M to 6 54 P. M., and at 7 54, 8 54 and BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6 1-2 o'clclock A.M. to 9 P.M. Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western

closeand arrive as follows : -7 A. M., and 3 P. M. 8.45 A. M., and 5.45 P. M. The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY, morning and afternoon Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer. Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the

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in Blocmfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of THOMAS TAYLOR, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue.

TOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, BLOOMFIELD AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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Miscellany.

Only a heart! A poor worn thing,

That is stilled at last of its pain. Only a hand! Upon it no ring That will ever reproach him again Down in the mold of church yard clay

Is resting her weary young head;

Pity that none who left her today, Could offer a prayer for the dead. Coldly they whispered, "Better so," These people with guiltless hearts; They were not tempted-did not know

The power of a villain's arts. Only a heart; a poor worn thing : Thank God, its pain is past. Hide the poor hands without a ring ; Leave her in peace at last.

AFTERMATH.

When the summer fields are mown. When the birds are fledged and flown, With the cawing of the crow, Once again the fields we mow

And gather in the aftermath

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers, Is this harvesting of ours ; Not the upland clover bloom ; But the rowen mixed with weeds. Tangord tuits from marsh and meads, Where the popty drops its seeds In the silence and the gloom.

DRIFTWOOD.

fee turns out to be groundless.

Over one hundred ladies are studying law fingers in her tight clasp, in the United States.

A Swede walked into a Leavenworth book

any overalls for letters?" He was handed a bunch of envelopes. A Terre Hante man announces that he has

tion," which, when quite complete, will give mind of his own." His anger and disdain chatted all the evening to Mrs. Wilson and off in small vials, and used at the hotel to A few evenings since a coarse upstart hav-DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE. ing at a party exhibited his lack of gentle-

> brute; all he lacks is instinct." know what effect it would have bad upon Miss Hugo, to think that I can feel any ever met again. She had never fancied it Joh if eleven little girls had called upon him, one after another, and tried to sell him

But have with now - with formitte posses

Sunday-school plenic tickets. It was an Irish coroner, who, when asked news? I shall be so glad to hear you have often once.

tell. There are people dying this year that him never died before. A Dubuque congregation has asked its elergyman 1 of to wear his diamond pin in

over more of his surface and isn't so expen- most unexpectedly, and the lawyers have autumn coldness in the air. Mildred As a fashionable young buly, fresh from the boarding-school, came to her honest old BLOOMFFELD. father's breakfast table, justead of speaking English and saving, "Good morning,"

she spoke French and said, "Bon jour," home with eyes that saw not. "Of course the bone's yours, if you say so," responded the practical old gentleman, as he handed her the ossified portion of a Mildred," he said, bitterly; "you have A boy's teeth-ache generally commences at eight a. m. reaches the highest altitude at a quarter to nine, when the pain is intense

to an extraordinary degree; commences to BLOOMFIELD. subside at nine, and after that disappears last look at her sweet face. with a celerity that must be very comforting "Good bye. It is no use saying any "Yes-our governess. Where can she to the sufferer. If, at night, that boy hasn't more," she said, taking up her music again be ?" got four quarts of walnuts spread out to dry ap stairs, it is because there is no place up stairs to do it. - Danbury News. A banker in Paris lately lost a valuable

ward for it. The thief who had possession of It was years before Mildred saw him again. it had a fac simile made, only substituting paste for the real stones; presented the pin to the loser who paid the handsome sum without asking any questions. The original pin he sold the same day to a jeweller for sixteen hundred francs. Beauty Useless.

Kansas Magazine, "no such combination in this world as usefulness and beauty in he went. an absolute degree. The mountain beauties of Colorado are useless, as Niagara and Yosemite are useless things. The utili- can't tell the mater-she would make me lingered a moment-he knew her now, and tarians and cynics may prate as they please, the highest purpose of God's grandest works is to be enjoyed, and He scornfully. She was beginning to hate her placed an eternal ban upon the profanation of money-making mill-wheels amid scenes ages ago contrived for the gratification of Fred. the highest sensuality man may know. I will not attempt here any description of smiling, "I havn't managed to fall in love these things. If the reader ever goes there with her; it would have joined the estates he will readily preceive why. The best apostrophe to Niagara was written by a man who never saw it, and if he had gone there she finds out I have chosen you. But you touching her hand; "let him sleep while first he would never have tried it. But the are worth a thousand Adelas, Mildred dear. surest index to the effect these scenes have I should be proud of my wife." upon the mind, may be discovered by watching people's emotions. Men are inclined to stand silent with uncovered heads. and look and look. Ladies are some- dred. The winter past, and the bright ment, yet Mr. Briten hardly knew how to times more demonstrative but equally summer, with no change but the death of break it. In a sudden thought he took from affected. One I saw who stood upon a huge boulder at the foot of the falls in Chevenne Canyon, where the white water hangs like a veil of lace against the rocks, and seems to still without her. come down out of the blue sky. "Oh, you darling," she said with clasped hands and shining eyes. She would have taken the spirit of the beauty which hovered there in her arms and kissed it if she could."

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

The Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. Mildred was up early-she was organist at the church opposite, and generally practiced a little before the service began. With her music in her hand she came across

the road and opened the wicket by the large A tall figure was standing in the shadow of the porch. In dull surprise Mildred dred found herself shaking hands with Mr.

Briton. "I came down this morning. I could not resist the temptation of spending another Sunday here, and I have some news to tell a school, partly in the family she was with PRICE."

you, Mildred."

"I am so happy," he said, eagerly; "I with some pretty shells. came straight down here to speak to you. Mildred, you won't be so cruel to-day. I take them home to mamma." She answerlove you dearly."

"Hush," she said, picking up her music her only friends just now. and smoothing out the leaves with trembling hands; "you mustn't speak to me to do. so."

" Mildred !" "I havn't," she returned, in a stifled voice; "I am very sorry, but---"

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly. "I am engaged," she said, almost in a whisper. "Why do you look at me like Hugo?" None but farmers should water their that? I have done no more than girls do

very day. The rumor that there was a corner in cof- He took her music from her hands and am glad you are come home. We expect conceived the idea of grouping three three

"Ho, mug-gin; ho, mug-gin, from a for- ly. "What are you talking about, Mildred?" lying down."

ness and stood up.

disgust crossed his face.

"It has balf cured my love for you to know ognize till be spoke. Had be recognised called the Devil's Inkstand, notable for "almost hit upon a plan to harness gravita- you would choose a thing like that, with no her? Mildred could not tell. He had black waters, specimens of which are taken

made her quite calm again. said "Can't we be found without touch. Mildred had thought over and over again "Friends!" he repeated' without touch-The Utica Herald says men will never ing her hand-" you are a strange woman,

friendship for you."

how he accounted for an extraordinary mor- prospered in anything." Her manner was GRAINING, Sc., &c tality in Limerick, replied sadly : "I can not so simple and unaffected that it softened came into Mildred's room. "If it had only come a week ago it might spend the day among the hills, and mamma

the pulpit. They don't object to his letting he answered. "The chancery suit that has helping me to pack?" kindly left two thousand a year, which be- tired before she started, and the children longs, I am told, to me. Mildred did not speak-she leaned back last, utterly unable to go any further.

> ruined my life and yours." "Not your life," she said, tremulously; erness. "Those children will surely fall

there is plenty of happiness for you yet." "Perhaps so," he answered, taking his

and passing up the stairs to the organ loft. He did not attempt to follow or to speak to down behind with Arthur." her. He sat down on the poreh seat for a diamond breaststpin, and offered a large re- moment and then went back to the town. ing eagerly. Mr. Briton did not go to the Continent

after all with Fred. He went off by himself on a scientific tour to Central America, and Mr. Harold departed on his travels, accompanied by his mother and sisters and his cousin Adela, a young lady whom it was "There is, as a rule," says a writer in the his duty, as the head of the family, to marry. He had a long talk with Mildred before

"We must wait twelve months," he said, "and then I shall be my own master.

"You had better do so," said Mildred, position, to despise weak, good-natured

"Well, it's almost a pity," he answered. so nicely. I can fancy the mater's rage when

Fred went abroad with his family party, and the old round of life went on for Mil-Mildred's aunt. They had never loved his pocket a folded paper. Inside, carefully In the early autumn came a letter to the

cottage from Mrs. Harold. I there has been something like an engage- is sad in the auld lang syne?"

ment between you and him; I don't wish to write about the unworthiness of your con- ing closer every moment. duct-that is all past and gone. I am merely obeying my son's wishes in address- he said. "Tell me, Mildred, shall I keep

than he did of yours." The letter all through was in the same at the top of the hollow. strain, trampling Mildred's pride to the

dust-a bitter punishment.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

dreary years of life as a governess, partly in Mildred had once been "Boucht with a now. Her pupils-three little romping She sat down on the porch seat, hardly children, who had been playing at a little distance on the sands-came running up

> "Look, Miss Hugo; we are going to ed them pleasantly—the children seemed

"We had better go back," she said, taking little Arthur's hand. The little Italian like that-I have never given you any right village, to which the family had come for the winter on account of Mrs. Wilson's health, was about a mile from the sea. She was waiting for her governess at the top of the broad steps that led to the house.

"I thought you were never coming back. Is it wise to take the children so far, Miss "They like the sea," returned Mildred. "A, Ih am afraid you spoil them; but I "A clever photographer, Mr. Muybridge,

"What do you mean?" he asked, harsh- Hugo? Ellen has a bad headache and is wands, in which position he photographed rin' sho-hore," is the way a Topeka belle By a violent effort she regained her calm- "Certainly," said Mildred, pleasantly, effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's She was tired already, but she busied her- Gristmill, where a large column of steam A Michigan widower lately esponsed a "I am engaged," she said—his look self all the afternoon, dusting and arrang- escapes from a hole in the rock with so fourth helpmeet to look after his forty-eight forced her to add, despite herself, "to Fred ing and giving orders to the Italian servants. much force that stones and sticks laid in A look of the most intense contempt and son's brother and sister-in-law, and a tall, paper. The internal noises at this vent bearded friend of theirs, whom Mildred truly resemble the working of a gristmill. "A worthy rival," he said, scornfully. bowed to in the lamplight, and did not rec- Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring.

> her daughter Ellen, while the governess sat inscribe the names of guests on the register. "We won't discuss his character," she by the table with her work, casting rare what their meeting might be like, if they like this, without a look of recognition

> > Next morning before dawn, Ellen Wilson "Will you get up? We are going to

against the porch, looking across at her | The others were on ahead, laughing and talking, Mr. Briton walking beside Ellen "It might have made a difference to you, and making himself very agreeable.

> "I wonder where Miss Hugo can be? asked Miss Wilson at last, missing the govover the rocks." "Miss Hugo ?" said her companion, "Is

> that the lady's name?" "Sne's tired," said Susie, "and is sitting

> "I will go back," said Mr. Briton, turn-"Don't trouble Mr. Briton," exclaimed Ellen, loth to lose her cavalier; but he had already hastened down the grassy slope. He hardly looked at her, for she was changed very much, but the name roused his curios-

ity. Perhaps it might-He came down the grass slope till reached the little hollow where Mildred sat resting with Arthur sound asleep at her side. She was lying back against a tree, looking down on the warm, blue sea, her lips trembling with silent pain. Mr. Briton looking at her, he saw she had suffered even

more than he had. "I am afraid you are tired," he said, coming forward hastily.

She rose quite calm and self-possessed. "I am a little. Poor little Arthur has fallen fast asleep," and she turned away, bending over the child

"Don't wake him," said Mr. Briton, he can. It is a pity we can't all be children.' "It is a pity." She said nothing more, but looked straight away, out on to the sea. The silence grew intolerable after a moeach other much, but Mildred felt lonelier wrapped away, was a little faded rose. He to make her look at him.

"Do you remember this?" he said.

Merry voices came from the hill, sound-"We shall be interrupted in a moment,"

ing you. He is to be married to-morrnw to this rose or throw it away?" his cousin, Miss Adela Bremer, and he "Keep it," she whispered, still hiding hopes you thought no more of his words her face; and just as Mr. Briton put his flower back, Ellen and the others appeared

Mildred's punishment was over at last. She had more than her deserts after all in the faithful love of the man she married; but even in their happy wedded life, bitter Four years had passed since Mildred left memories had their place, though unspoken. Waltham, heart-sick of the place-four They could neither of them forget that

Peculiar Springs.

" Perhaps the most remarkable of the California Geyser Springs," according to a writer in Scribner's for October. "is that called, happily enough, the Wiches' Cauldron. This is a black, cavernous opening in the solid rock, about seven feet scross, and of unknown depth, filled with a thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like that of bilge water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in 'Macbeth,' so 'thick and slac," and repeats the words of the weird

" Double, double, soil and trouble

Fire burn cauldron bubble.

put it on the seat, and held her trembling visitors, and there is nothing ready. Would lady visitors about this cauldron, with hands you mind helping Marie a little, Miss linked, and alpenstocks held like magic them amid the vaporous scene with telling Evening came and the visitors-Mr. Wil- the aperture are blown away like bits of acter, made by an experienced house painter

in Paris to ascertain whether emanations from certain paints containing such substances as white lead, zinc white, linseed oil, "I am very sorry-won't you tell me your from the dark eyes that had sought hers so essence of turpentine, coal oil, &c., are injurious to health, show some noteworthy results. He caused the insides of some boxes to be painted, and within them he placed wire cages containing rabbits, which were not perhaps have made a difference with you," wishes the children to go. Will you mind in contact with the paint, but only subject his light shine there, provided it is diffused been an heirloom in our family is finished It was a radient day, without a breath of The rabbits suffered while the paint was iresh especially when it contained coal oil, but none of them died. Living in apartments recently painted, and which emit the wearied her at every step. She sat down at odor of oil of turpentine, is not therefore, permanently injurious to health. Some other tests were made for the purpose of obtaining deposits of these emanations from the fresh paintings of houses. Instead of rabbits, plates containing a small qunatity of water were placed in the boxes, and, after the water had evaporated from the plates, there was found some remarkable crystallizations like needles, consisting of combinations in which the oils employed formed the principal part. These crystalline combinations were obtained even when linseed oil was used.

> Sneer not at old clothes. They are often made holy by long sacrifices; by careful foldings away that they may last until dear ones are provided for. If many an old had not recognized Mildred; indeed he had coat could speak, what tales it would tell of the noble heart beating underneath. The rusty garment would repeat the struggles of a devoted futher, whose son is earning laurels at the college hard by ; how he counted his hard earnings and choked down his pride, that his boy, his noble boy, might yet do him honor. That faded shawl, folded tightly over spare shoulders, year after year has the mother cleaned and mended, and laid it carefully away (as she called it) " good as new," that her blue eyed daughter might have an education. Oh, that blessed selfdenial of aspiring poverty. Hallowed be the old bonnets, old cloaks, old coats and old shoes, when such love points to them as monuments. More than one bright and shining light, let us tell you, owes its brilliancy to old clothes. More than one star in literature, philosophy and science.

A country merchant who had been dunned number of times for a hill which he claimed to have already paid, finally sent the money to the firm in Waterbury and wrote as follows: "Please if you can, send me a receipt that will last until the appearance of the angel that stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on land and proclaims that time shall be no more, and came to her side and touched her bent head, oblige, yours, etc." The senior partner replied, enclosing the receipt as follows: "This "I receipt runs from the creation of the world, have kept it ever since. My love is as fresh and is good for the above amount until time "My son tells me," the letter ran, "that as ever. Shall we forget and forgive all that shall be no more, however that fact may be announced to the public."

